



Black and *Pink* Newsletter

MAY 2010 ISSUE

BLACK AND PINK- NEWSLETTER, C/O COMMUNITY CHURCH OF BOSTON,
565 BOYLSTON ST, BOSTON, MA 02116

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Dear friends,

Celebration! Liberation! Revolution! May 1st 2010 marks the annual commemoration of May Day, International Workers' Day, 124 years after the Haymarket rallies, riots, and martyrdom. Recently, May Day has strengthened a connection to the struggle for Immigrant rights in the United States. It was only four years ago that millions were in the streets around the country calling for an end to HR 4437 and for a path to legalization (without nearly enough support or discussion of amnesty). Today, as Arizona passes such a violent and racist law our job, even while incarcerated, is to keep these struggles alive and connected in our minds, hearts, and actions.

I remember being a young high school anarchist and commemorating May Day by wearing all black to school (which wasn't likely that different from the colors I usually wore...). I did not understand exactly what I was commemorating, only that eight anarchists had been targeted (4 executed) by the State because they had been trying to organize working people into a more cohesive movement for the 8-hour day. I also remember the irony of wearing black to mourn the death of one group of resisters when I had Pagan friends who dressed in beautiful colors with flowers in their hair to honor the first planting of spring, a holiday outlawed by the Catholic Church in the 1700s. Consistently traditions from our many communities are in contrast to each other, even when we wish to stand in solidarity with one another.

Today, as May Day approaches, I think about all the ways queer and trans folks can join in the struggles for liberation and freedom. On May 1 there will be rallies all around the country organized to oppose the new law in Arizona that will lead to overt racial profiling. What can folks who are locked up do to stand in solidarity with folks who are suffering under the violence of Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE)? One thing, is that you can write to the governor of Arizona, *The Honorable Jan Brewer Governor of Arizona, 1700 West Washington Phoenix, Arizona 85007*. As we all struggle for our freedom there must be a continued connection to all other movements because as the queer writer and revolutionary James Baldwin said in a letter to Angela Davis, "Silence is not only criminal but suicidal... for if they come for you in the morning, they will be coming for us that night." Campaigns to end deportations and intimidation by ICE directly link to labor struggles, prison abolition, anti-racism work, global justice, environmental justice, and so on. Also, simply talk with one another and tell your own stories about your family history. If you are not a Native/Indigenous person to the U.s. then you have a history of immigration (or forced captivity in the case of ancestors taken through the African Slave trade).



May Day and its history as an anarchist/labor holiday does not need to be separated from the Pagan traditions. There is beauty in the celebrating of new life. Each day you all wake up inside the prison walls and continue to survive, you are fighting back and opening up like the flowers honored by the May Day celebrations. In the months to come we will continue to explore what these possibilities look like and what surviving manifests as. Your words inspire one another and that is the strength of a community connected by storytelling. Thank you for your generous sharing.



And as always, it has been said before, "once there were no prisons, that day will soon come again!"
Much Love!
Jason

"My Solitary Confinement Story"

My name is Steven Cave. At the time being I'm housed at _____ for the second time. but I have been in close to every PA prison. I have eleven years in prison with 8 of them in solitary confinement. Yes, eight years. I have been to the SMU for 2 1/2 years the MHU's and lots of RHU's and now I'm in _____. I have for sure suffered mental health issues and none of these make believe programs work. They are harder on homosexuals than what they call normal nonhomosexual prisoners. I been gay most of my life and I don't deny that fact. Anyway, I'm locked in my cell 24, yes, 24 hours a day. I had inmates and guards threaten my well being because I'm gay. I've been beat down along with deprived food meals street mail and personal property. The effect of this only damaged my mind but made my spirit stronger. To all my homosexuals in general - GLBT - people who is fighting the diabolical system of homosexual slavery and the slavery of all, stay strong and know that I am with you in prayer!



Cail's Message

To My People:

I openly say to all, that I have attempted suicide a few times. This is not talk, I did it. The first time, for 30 minutes I was gone- Dead. The c/os found me, did compressions, brought me back. Second time, an hour before they found me, they said the color of my skin on my face was dark blue, this time I scared the shit out of them. Why? I wanted to die.

I wanted to die with what good that was left in me. I had no one to help me, and after every time I was jumped and stabbed, I lost a part of me. Mind you, I hurt those who came at me severely, I always walked away, but with my own wounds to mend.

The people who were supposed to be "helping" me, I've written this: When you aim to break someone down to the point where they no longer feel human, you let them fall too far. Bitterness boils and self destruction rises and blows up. It works like an acid, and breaks down everything to...nothing.

People go to such extremes to make one's self feel powerful. They act like some fucking God or something of higher power. What right do people have to wreck the mind of someone else? And the end result is that for the person they broke, now diminished, destroyed, and fouled, has no possible way to rebuild. They are no longer. Just a shadow of the past. When this happens, they have successfully committed Psychological Homicide.

I've witnessed this, these people were close to finishing me off. For this, they hate me because I am too strong and intelligent for them. I will not die at the will of the infested sacks of maggot shit.

I will live! I will live for all of the righteous. To make things right for all. The world will know me and my people before my time's end. I will make a place in history, small or large. I will make a place.

My heart to all, I love you. Keep your heads high, stay proud, stay strong.

Forever, Cameron "Cail" Willett

Dispatch from Utah...

A friend of Black & Pink wanted to share about an effort to stop abuse in a Utah prison. There is a petition that can be signed online (utahprisonwatch.blogspot.com) as well as documentation of repeated acts of psychological and physical abuse of prisoners, including sleep deprivation, exposure to cold temperatures, food deprivation, suicides, threats, and sexual harassment. This is part of their petition:

"It has recently been brought to our attention that inmates are suffering extreme abuse at the hands of corrections officers in Uinta Unit inside Utah State Prison in Draper, UT. There is proof that the abusive situation in this unit has been a long term problem that has yet to be corrected by the state of Utah in spite of multiple deaths and lawsuits. Former Utah DOC directors, Lane McCotter and Gary Deland both stepped down amid scandals of abuse and inmate deaths inside USP while under their direction and control. After leaving UTDOC both men went on to set up and manage Abu Garib where they created yet another torturous and abuse filled prison. This lends even more credibility to the claims that abuse in Utah prisons has been well documented and yet, ignored.



According to numerous well documented complaints, copies of inmate grievances, corroboration from former inmates as well as sworn statements from inmates, the abusive conditions continue to this day. Inmates in Uinta Unit are in danger from corrections officers who are out of control and should be held criminally liable for their actions. Inmates have provided sworn statements and written permission to use their names publicly and have agreed to cooperate with investigators and media to stop the abuse that they have either been subject to or have been witness to that is being inflicted by the officers who are paid to protect them.

We are asking for these conditions to be exposed and for the public be made aware of what is being done to men who are living in sub-standard and sub-human conditions. Loss of freedom is the punishment prescribed by the court. Corrections officers who take it upon themselves to add more punishment on top of the court mandated imprisonment increase the odds of dangerous, angry and damaged people being released back into society and thereby, placing us all in more danger."

Love and solidarity to our friends in Uinta Unit!

"A little about my prison life"

Just a little about my prison life. Like Andrew's story, I'm held in a Security Housing Unit. In California alone there are about 4,000 men held in supermax facilities called the SHU - Locked down in a 8X10 Cell - single cell - Alone. Meals are eaten in the cell. TV's or radios must be purchased. So the poor have none. That 's where I fit in. I've got nothing. I also get no visits. I've been in solitary confinement going on like 5 years. Here where I'm at we are handcuffed behind our back in order to exit our cells. Leg Irons Hobble chains (shackles) are also commonly used. So Andrew, I know how you feel. My family also disowned me. And yes, we also have a dog kennel. What we call a yard. Just wanted to let Andrew know, "Bro, you are not alone, hang in there." You all take care out there!

- Kevin F.

Forbidden Fruits

By David Cross

Truly thy love is forbidden
A lustful heart cannot be hidden
Mine eyes hath taken thee in
The taste of your flesh is sin

Without thee I am broken
My love you unawarely woken
To feel the beating of your heart
Let man nor God keep us apart

Patience may be a virtue
Too long have I been without you
Gentle touches clam the beast
A love that brings inner peace

Mind and body yours to hold
Your every wish none too bold
Ask what thou eagerly may
Love enlightens the way

The warmth of a lonely soul
Crying out tenderly and low
Freely given against no will
Forbidden love fierce and real

Rough Edges

Head's in a cloud
I'm feeling so proud
Not because of what I am or was
Coming out isn't something everyone does
Feeling the sting of consequence
And I've got to say it just makes no sense
The hatred and lack of understanding
Rough edges could use some sanding
Look out world here we come
A marching band and drum
I'm different, not bad
I'm proud, yet sad
When you look at me
A queen is all you may see
But there's so much more
Behind perception's door
An accomplished person with a gentle touch
A strong willed person who doesn't ask much
I just want equality and to be respected
The way I treat you to be reflected

-William Mckenzie

"I'll be strong for you"

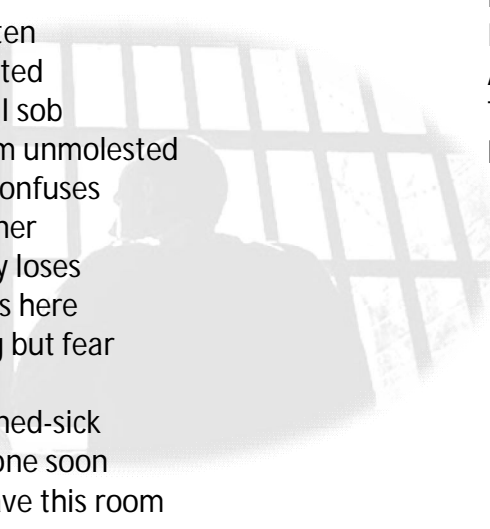
I like who I am as a person, I will not change for anyone or anything. I will not let them turn me into a coward or an animal just because I'm locked up. I will continue to help people even though it may get me killed one day. It will definitely get me taken advantage of a lot before it's all over. Just be yourself, fuck what they think. I'll be strong for you, if you will be smart, or caring, or understanding, or gentle for me. Not everyone is a fighter, not everyone is supposed to be. I will leave you with one of my favorite quotes, 'All it takes for evil to win, is for one good man to stand by and do nothing.' Take care of yourselves!

- Donny

Face Forward

Face forward, march in time
see nothing going on
Face forward, march in time
Hear nothing being said to another
Face forward, march in time
Speak of nothing that went on
Follow these rule and the guidelines
Set for you and you'll survive
Because the less you know the better off you are
Face forward, March in time
~ Umberto Rose

Un-run (So much)



A letter arrives unwritten
My dinner sits undigested
Underneath this smile I sob
My sanity feels far from unmolested
Understandably pain confuses
So much so that a winner
Feels like he constantly loses
A man forgets why he's here
Is unaware of anything but fear
Fear of the Tick-Tick
Of anymore worry-turned-sick
Unless something is done soon
My mind will never leave this room
Already these walls can taste me
They chew and swallow
Digest and erase me
Unaccustomed I've become to this life
What's the meaning? What's it like?
To be beside a thing unmalignant
Un-veil un-suffer un-mindtrip un-die
Until you finally see me cry
Because I will
I will so; So, so much
I might be unable to stop
So much so that you'll attempt to untouch
Undo what it is you've done
Unbelieving unashamed un-alone unchained from my
eyes they run
Un-hurtingly seeking, some un-lies....someone
-Brandon

Life

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This life is not right
But at times it's fair
In-caged in steel
But I stand strong
Now would it be right
To say life is wrong
How can one take life
From a dying man
Every night I'm on my knees
And outstretched are my hands
Am I lost from this world
An untold slave
Unloved by this life
So I remain unsaved
When I'm put to sleep
My body will decay
In a dream I seen the truth
And this is not the place
This is not life
But life is on the way

-Rodney Sharp

My Love

My love for you is not fake or make believe,
It's real and unconditional,
so always know that I have my love to show
you and prove to only you,
that not everyone can be like you Boo!
Like the moon in the sky and the stars that
shine
so bright at night,
you are my knight in shining armor,
girl you are my world forever,
and you are so clever to know me like you do,
that I love to get your letters each and every
chance I get,
so don't sweat my pet, it's going to get a lot
better
than it is right now,
so always know that you have me for better or
for worse,
I love you my sweet boo!

Tragic News from Our Community

Transgender woman stabbed to death in Puerto Rico home

by Michael K. Lavers, National News Editor, Edge Boston, Tuesday Apr 20, 2010

Puerto Rican authorities said Ashley Santiago was stabbed 14 times in her own home in Corozal; police discovered her naked body in a large pool of blood in her kitchen on Monday, April 19.

Primera Hora reported authorities discovered Ashley Santiago's naked body in the kitchen of her house in Corozal, which is roughly 25 miles southwest of the Puerto Rican capital. Santiago, 31, was a popular hair stylist at a local salon.

Santiago's death comes a little more than five months after Jorge Steven López Mercado's brutal murder stunned Puerto Rico.

Prosecutors contend Juan A. Martínez Matos decapitated, dismembered and partially burned the gay teenager's body before dumping it along a remote roadside near Cayey on Nov. 13, 2009. As EDGE reported on Friday, April 16, Martínez's trial is scheduled to begin in Caguas on May 3.

Puerto Rico's hate crime law includes both sexual orientation and gender identity. The statutes took effect in 2002, but prosecutors rarely apply it.

Investigators have yet to determine whether Santiago's killer (or killers) murdered her because of her gender identity or expression, but Pedro Julio Serrano of the National Gay & Lesbian Task Force urged authorities to investigate her death as a possible hate crime.

"The authorities have a legal obligation to investigate this hate angle," he told EDGE in a statement. "We urge the police and the prosecutor to appropriately investigate this murder; to determine whether it was motivated by prejudice and if there is enough evidence to classify it as a hate crime at this moment."

Candlelight Vigil to Honor Life of Amanda Gonzalez-Andujar

April 22, 2010 by Anna Wipfler, GLAAD's Transgender Advocacy Fellow

Community leaders and organizations have joined together to pay tribute to the life Amanda Gonzalez-Andujar and raise awareness of the ongoing violence against transgender women of color. We blogged about the initial media coverage of her murder, which occurred on March 28th, and we have been tracking the recent coverage of her alleged attacker's arrest.

This Saturday, April 24th, two ceremonies are being held in her honor: a memorial service for friends, allies, and family members who were unable to attend her funeral three weeks ago, as well as a candlelight vigil in front of her Ridgewood, Queens apartment building. These two events will allow advocates to mourn her loss and raise awareness about the ongoing pattern of violence against transgender women of color.

These services are being cosponsored by FIERCE!, Make the Road NY's LGBTQ Justice Project (GLOBE), New York Association for Gender Rights Advocacy (NYAGRA), New York City Anti Violence Project (AVP), Queens Pride House (QPH), The Transgender Legal Defense and Education Fund (TLDEF), TRANSCEND (a Project of Cambridge Cares for AIDS), Silvia Rivera Law Project (SRLP), and other LGBTQ rights organizations.



A Note from Bryan B.

Hi Everyone,

My name is Bryan B. I am 39, gay, and been in jail for the past 8 years for a crime I did not commit. I have fought tooth and nail to have my conviction overturned, and it finally appears to be close to that point, now that my case is in the federal court and out of the very corrupt Pennsylvania system.

The details aren't important right now, but what is critical, is that we tell as many of our friends and families not to cooperate with the police, prosecutors, or whoever is involved with locking us up. They will lie, cheat, and conspire at every turn just to obtain a conviction, regardless of the truth.

This war that they have declared on their own people must stop, but that won't happen until the public is aware of their dirty tricks they use just to frighten people into giving up their rights. I know so many people who have. Their rights violated, families threatened and were treated like inhuman animals over alleged crimes so minimal it would be funny if the consequences were not so severe.

We are treated like monster for two of the most basic motives on the planet. Money and power! The politicians can't keep either of those things if the public isn't deathly afraid of the people they lock up.

Don't get me wrong, some people belong in jail for life, but most don't. The politicians use the excuse that some of these people will commit crimes if they are released. That's true of any group of people if it's large enough. The cost to the taxpayer is enormous to keep people in jail for minor drug and consensual sex offenses. However, these things always make front page news, while parents who murder their own children hardly merit a mention anywhere.

Our priorities are messed up or should I say the public's priorities, because I'm not the one letting Nancy disgrace and the politicians do my thinking for me.

"My Dream" "In a Faraway Land"

I dream of love,
a smiling face,
of someone who will share my dreams,

I dream of laughter,
to steal away my pain,
of a lover to soothe all my screams.

I dream of understanding,
a strong caring heart,
of a person who won't judge my past.

I dream of sharing,
the treasures of love,
but pleas hurry, my soul's fading fast.

I dream of unicorns,
of fairies in moonlight,
love in a gaze meant for me.

I dream of a thing which I've never had,
I dream of you setting me free.

In a far away land...
Time isn't against man,
Ignorance never expand
Greed is buried in the sand
and kindness is the drug
found throughout the land.

In a far away land...
AIDS doesn't exist,
racism is erased,
crime isn't common place
and love overpowers hate.



In a far away land...
unwanted children aren't
created
right and wrong isn't de-
bated
brute force is never applied
and doubt and faith don't
collide.

In a far away land...
It's impossible to tell a lie
people don't cry
and dreams never die.
~ Joseph Redd



Lilly's Story

★ **TRIGGER WARNING: THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE DESCRIBES SEXUAL ASSAULT.** ★

In the February issue of *Black & Pink* I read an article which was written by Paula W. The article was about the physical, emotional and sexual abuse that this sister had to go through in the prison system. My heart and my sympathy goes out to this sister and every other GLBT that had to deal with these kind of horrible, violent savage acts that continue to happen here in the U.S. Prison system! I too was a victim of prison gang rape and sexual abuse when I was sent to jail for 3 weeks. The things that happened to me are horrible, disgusting and disturbing, and I hope and pray that no one will ever have to go through what I went through.

In April 2008, I was just coming home from partying at a night club when I was pulled over by the police. The police officers arrested me because of numerous fines which I had not paid. I was brought down to the county jail and that's where my problems began. While I was being processed, one of the guards noticed that my ID has me as a male. I was born a male but I have always lived my life as a woman (since the age of 15). I have had many feminine feature enhancement surgeries done to my face, hips, and buttocks. I have breast implants also. I look 100% like a female, which left the processing guards confused about my gender. The processing guards then contacted the shift captain who then came down and asked me if I was a male or a female. I told him that I was a female. He then asked me if I had a penis or vagina between my legs. I explained to him that I do have a penis between my legs but that everything else about me is female! He then got extremely angry and put his finger in my face and said, "Just because you wear makeup, you dress like a whore and have a pair of tits, it does not mean that you're a fucking female!" The two guards started laughing at what this disgusting man just said to me and all I could do was stand there in total shock and humiliation.

The shift captain then instructed the guards to pat search me and to put me in cell #3. I was searched and my shoes were taken from me because of the high heels on them. I was then taken down to cell #3 (barefooted) which happened to be about 40 yards away from the C.O.'s desk and completely out of their view. When the guard opened the cell door I quickly noticed that there were about 20 men in that cell and they started doing cat calls and whistling at me. I've never been so terrified in my life. I had on a mini-dress and an open top shirt that showed a little too much cleavage, and it instantly dawned on me that being dressed like this in a cell full of men was nothing more than a disaster waiting to happen. I asked the guard if he could please give me a blanket so that I could cover up my body. The guard looked at me and he said, "If you would stop dressing up like a \$20 hooker you wouldn't have to worry about covering up your body"! He then shoved me inside the cell and slammed the door behind me. I was so scared and I just stood there with my arms crossed over my chest (so I could cover up my breasts) and I kept my head down so that I didn't make any eye contact with anyone in there.

I wasn't looking at anyone but I could feel everyone's eyes on me and I could hear them whispering and snickering. I felt like a lamb that's been thrown into a den full of lions. I slowly walked over to an empty corner of the cell and I sat there quietly by myself. I was then approached by three men, they started asking me simple questions at first like: What's my name? Where am I from? How old am I? I politely answered their questions, then their questions turned from simple to rude to obscene. They then started asking me what size are my breasts, what color are my panties, and if I would show them my breasts. I got angry and told them that their questions were inappropriate and that I no longer wished for them to talk to me. Then one of them reached down into my shirt and grabbed one of my breasts! I was outraged and I grabbed his arm and dug my nails into it, and I told him to let go of my breast. Then one of the other men grabbed me by the throat and he told me that they (the three men) belong to a prison gang who are very well known for their prowess and their random acts of violence, and that if I did not comply with their demands and perform sexual acts for them, that I was going to be badly hurt and possibly killed. They also advised me that I would be killed if I were to "snitch" (tell the guards) on them. I knew that trying to fight them off would be futile and useless because I'm only 5'5" and weight about 135 lbs. And to top it off I never had a fight in my life! I was stunned like a deer caught in coming car headlights. I looked around

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the room hoping that someone would step up for me and tell these men to leave me alone, but no one came to my aid, no one protested or even uttered a peep of disapproval of the crime that was taking place right in front of their eyes! As a matter of fact, a few of the other men just started laughing and some of them even said thing like, "Pass her this way when you're done with her" and another man said, "I'll take sloppy seconds!" Right there I knew that there was no way of stopping what was about to happen to me. My heart felt like it stopped and my blood turned cold. I was then taken to the bathroom area which is located completely in back of the holding cell. I was told to take off my shirt and bra and then forced to perform oral sex on all three men. Then things went from very bad to worse. Other men started coming into the bathroom and demanding that I give them oral sex too, then one of the men turned extremely violent. He grabbed me by my hair and threw me over to the sink and told me to take off my panties and bend over the sink. I pleaded and begged him to please not violate me in that way, but he got angry and grabbed me by the back of my neck and forcefully bent me over the sink. He tore off my panties and then he and three other men brutally and savagely sodomized me. My panties were shoved in my mouth because I kept crying, screaming and begging these men to stop the abuse that they were putting me through. I ended up fainting twice from the pain that these men were inflicting on me, but all they did was smack me on the back into consciousness so that they could continue raping me. The rape lasted about 2 hours and not once did any of the guards come back there to do a standard security check!

After the men finished violating me, they then told me to clean and fix myself up and to "act natural" (like nothing happened). I did what they said and then I sat back down in the corner by myself shaken and I wept like a child. A guard finally came back to the holding cell and told all of us to go into another room to be given our prison uniform and that we will be getting sent to a block in general population. When I got to my assigned block I went to my cell and I wasn't even there for a hot 20 minutes before different inmates came to me asking for sexual favors. I was always too afraid to ever say no out of fear of being hurt, assaulted, or possibly killed. In those three weeks that I spent in that hell hole of a jail not one day went by when I wasn't sexually abused. I never spoke of this to anyone except my lawyer and until now.

What happened to me was horrible and disgusting and no one should ever have to go through something like that ever! Words alone could never truly express the anger that I feel- not only towards the inmates that did this to me, but also towards the guards and the irresponsible actions of the department of corrections. A lawsuit has been filed against this jail and the guards. My lawyer prohibits me from discussing anything about the lawsuit, but I do want everyone to know that my main focus for the lawsuit is not money; it is mostly going to be directed towards the protection of GLBT people who are ever unfortunate enough to find themselves in jail! GLBT people have the right to be protected and feel safe and secure no matter what environment he or she may find themselves in!

Sadly I regret to say that I am once again incarcerated (for possession of marijuana), but I'm in a jail that has a no tolerance policy towards sexual harassment. Due to my female features, I am kept on a protective custody unit with other GLBT's. I do not live in fear of inmates hurting or raping me. The incident that happened to me was about 1½ years ago- I've had numerous AIDS tests and I thank God that I never contracted any diseases from any of the men that raped me. Even though I'm angry at what these men did to me, there is a another part that has brought me a lot of emotional pain and that brings me great sadness. When I was being raped, half of the offenders were no older than their early 20's. In my eyes, those were just boys, boys who were doing and following the negative actions of what the adults were doing and not seeing or realizing that it was wrong!! So if children are learning these types of things from the adults, then who could actually say that we have a bright future ahead of us!? This type of violent act towards GLBT's needs to be stopped! I'm doing everything in my power to make sure that no GLBT goes through what I went through in that jail. All I can do is hope and pray that all GLBT people will continue to march forward and never give up our right to be free, happy, loved, accepted, and respected!!! Before I end I just want sister Paula W. to know that I love you Sweetie, and I will always keep you in my heart and in my prayers.

Love Always,
William (Lilly) P.

CALLING ALL ARTISTS!

BLACK & PINK ART

Black & Pink Art will sell artwork and apparel printed with designs produced by queer and transgender prisoners to queer and transgender folks on the outside. Items will be sold online at blackandpinkart.com, as well as sales made at events like Pride Festivals.

Proceeds from the sales will go back into the artist's commissary account!

Want to get involved? Send a note to the address below answering these questions:

- What kind of art do you make? How do you access supplies? What can you receive or ship?
- Roughly about how much \$ would you want for your art? How long does it take to make?

**Black and Pink Art
C/O Community Church of Boston
565 Boylston St
Boston, MA 02116**

Reed Miller, a queer pen-pal, will send you back a letter explaining how things will work! He looks forward to working with you and sharing your talents with the outside world!

"Two friends were walking through the desert. During some point of the journey they had an argument. And one friend slapped the other in the face. The one who got slapped was hurt, but without saying anything, he wrote in the sand, 'today my best friend slapped me in the face.' They kept on walking until they found an oasis. They decided to take a bath. The one who had been slapped got stuck in the mire and started drowning, but the friend saved him. After he recovered from near drowning he wrote on a stone, 'Today my best friend saved my life.' The friend who had slapped and saved his best friend asked, 'After I hurt you, you wrote in the sand and now you write on a stone. Why?' The friend replied, 'When someone hurts you, we should write it down in sand where the wind of forgiveness can take it away. But when someone does something good for us we must engrave it in stone where no wind can ever take it away.' We must learn to write our hurts in the sand and to carve our love and loyalty in stone. It takes only a minute to find a special person and an hour to appreciate them, less than a day to forgive them, but an entire life to love them." - King Gilliland

SEND YOUR STORIES, THOUGHTS, POEMS, AND DRAWINGS TO BE INCLUDED IN AN UPCOMING ISSUE TO:

**BLACK AND PINK- NEWSLETTER
C/O COMMUNITY CHURCH OF BOSTON
565 BOYLSTON ST
BOSTON, MA 02116**